CHAMBER OF DARKNESS
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MARVEL COMICS GROUP
CHAMBER OF DARKNESS
TM
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
AT THE TWELFTH STROKE OF MIDNIGHT-- YOU DIE!
NIGHT OF THE GARGOYLE!

HELLO... I'M YOUR HORRENDOUS HOST, BERNI WRIGHTSON! BUT THIS YARN ISN'T ABOUT ME... IT'S ABOUT THAT LITTLE OLD GARGOYLE-MAKER EMIL VOGEL... HE'S THE FELLA CRINGING JUST INSIDE THE WINDOW!
WATCH HIM, FRIENDS, 'CAUSE HE'S GOT A PRESCRIPTION FOR MONSTER-MAKING THAT'LL KILL YOU: JUST REST IN BED, DRINK PLENTY OF LIQUIDS, AND...
GARGOYLE EVERY NIGHT
DEAD! MURDERED-- JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS!
WHEN WILL IT ALL END? WHEN?!?
STAN LEE EDITOR
BERNI WRIGHTSON AND ROY THOMAS WRITERS
BERNI WRIGHTSON ARTIST
ARTIE SIMEK LETTERER
3772

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"ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN" and "THE MASK OF BROTHOR", reprinted courtesy of Zenith Publishing Corp. Copyright (C) 1960

Another fine HA(S)A/Grundy scan

LET IT BEGIN EARLY THIS SUMMER'S MORNING! EMIL VOGEL, OLD AND WITHERED CARVER OF GARGOYLES AND GROTESQUE STATUARY, STIRS FEEBLY... AROUSED FROM A DEEP AND TORMENTED SLEEP AT HIS PLANNING TABLE, SURROUNDED BY THE LEERING, MOTIONLESS, SILENTLY SCREAMING FIGURES OF HIS CREATION....!
THAT DREAM AGAIN! THAT SAME MADDENING, CRIMSON-CRAZED NIGHTMARE! I--
WHAT--? THAT SHOUTING--FROM THE STREET BELOW!
IT CAN'T BE THAT--THE FIEND HAS STRUCK AGAIN! IT CAN'T!
BUT--IT IS! IT IS!
ANOTHER MURDER! THAT BODY--AND THE CROWD--IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN!
AND I--AM THE ONLY MAN ON EARTH WHO COULD HAVE PREVENTED IT!
2

OR COULD I? NO! NO-- IT IS NOT MY FAULT-- NOT MINE AT ALL!
THE GOLDEN ANGEL IS TO BLAME! THE GOLDEN ANGEL!
I MUST GO TO HIM-- NOW--
WHERE IS THAT KEY? AHH--!
HIS DEVILTRY MUST CEASE! IT IS WITHIN MY POWER TO END HIS REIGN-- AND I SHALL!
I SHALL!
DETERMINED FINGERS TURN THE KEY IN THE RUSTED LOCK... ANCIENT HINGES BRASHLY ANNOUNCE EMIL'S ENTRANCE AS THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN WIDE TO REVEAL...
YOU! THE GOLDEN ANGEL!!
3

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

YOU OBSCENE, GRINNING IMAGE OF MY SUFFERING! LONG YEARS YOU'VE HELD ME UNDER YOUR SPELL!
BUT NOW, THAT SPELL IS BROKEN --BY MY LOATHING FOR YOU!
I KNOW THAT FIRE WILL DESTROY YOU-- AND FIRE IT SHALL BE--THIS VERY MINUTE!
WHAT'S THAT? THE DOOR! OH NO--NOT WHEN I'M SO CLOSE--SO CLOSE!
BAM! BAM!
IT'S NO USE! MY RAGE HAS SUBSIDED!
THE GOLDEN ANGEL'S POWER HAS TAKEN HOLD OF ME AGAIN!
AND SO, TONIGHT, I'LL KEEP MY UNHOLY VIGIL IN THAT ROOM ONCE MORE...
...AS I HAVE DONE SO MANY NIGHTS...SO MANY LONG, TERRIFYING NIGHTS!
YES... WHO... IS IT?
'TIS THE CONSTABLE, MR. VOGEL...WITH SOME OF YER NEIGHBORS! OPEN UP, PLEASE!
WELCOME...ALL OF YOU! BUT, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, CONSTABLE?
JUST A FEW ROUTINE QUESTIONS I'D LIKE TO ASK YER, MR. VOGEL...PERTINENT TO LAST NIGHT'S UNTIMELY TRAGEDY...!

WHAT'S THE IDEA, CLIVE? I KNOW WE BEEN WANTIN' TO GET A CLOSER LOOK AT THE OLD MAN'S PLACE--
BUT I FEEL LIKE ALL THEM STONE MONSTERS WAS STARIN' AT ME, I DO!
SHUT UP AND COME ALONG! THERE'S SOMETHIN' BACK THIS WAY--IN THE CORNER ROOM!
I GOT ME A GLIMPSE OF IT ONCE FROM A ROOFTOP... AND I AINT NEVER FORGOT IT!
AN' NEITHER WILL YOU, BILLY BOY!
GOOD LORD! WH--WHAT'S THAT THING SUPPOSED TO BE?
NEVER MIND WHAT IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE --JUST WHAT IT IS!
IT'S MADE OUT OF GOLD, YOU FOOL-- SOLID GOLD!
THAT'LL BE ALL, THANKS, MR. VOGEL! YOU'LL BE LETTIN' US KNOW, NOW, IF YOU LEARN ANYTHIN' NEW...!?
YOU C-CAN RELY UPON ME, CONSTABLE!
AHH...THANK HEAVENS THAT'S ENDED...WITH-OUT THEM FINDING THE GOLDEN ANGEL!
NOW, PERHAPS I CAN STEEL MY NERVES AGAIN, AND DESTROY IT--
MMMFF!
5

SO, OUR HONORED CRAFTSMAN INTENDED TO DESTROY HIS GREATEST CREATION, DID HE NOW?
WELL THEN, MAYBE WE'LL JUST SAVE 'IM THE BOTHER... BY TAKIN' THE NASTY THING OFF HIS HANDS!
TIE 'IM UP, BILLY BOY!
GOOD AS DONE, CLIVE!
PLEASE--NO! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE--
I KNOW THERE'S A FORTUNE IN GOLD IN THAT ROOM, NOT DOIN' YOU A BIT OF GOOD... WHILE, WITH BILLY AN' ME BEIN' OUTTA WORK AND ALL...
WAIT! PLEASE LISTEN! THE GOLDEN ANGEL IS FAR, FAR MORE THAN JUST ANOTHER CARVED STATUE!
IT WAS FASHIONED IN ACCORDANCE WITH CERTAIN MYSTIC SPELLS, FOR THE PURPOSE OF--
PUT A SOCK IN IT, OLD MAN! CAN'T YOU SEE WE GOT WORK TO DO?
YOU MUST HEED ME! IF I AM NOT IN THAT ROOM WITH IT AT MIDNIGHT--YOU WILL BOTH BE DOOMED!!
WE'LL TAKE OUR CHANCES! MY COLLEAGUE HAS ALREADY LIT THE FIRE UNDER YOUR MELTING POT, DON'T YOU SEE!
I'VE GOT THE SLEDGEHAMMER, CLIVE!
GOOD! THEN COME-- WE MUST, AH, BE DONE BY MIDNIGHT, YOU KNOW!



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

## THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST
**Marvel-ous Mags On Sale Right Now!**

**FANTASTIC FOUR #103:** The Thing battles Namor! Magneto clobbers everyone! Romita's artwork flips you out! It's the old-time Marvel magic!

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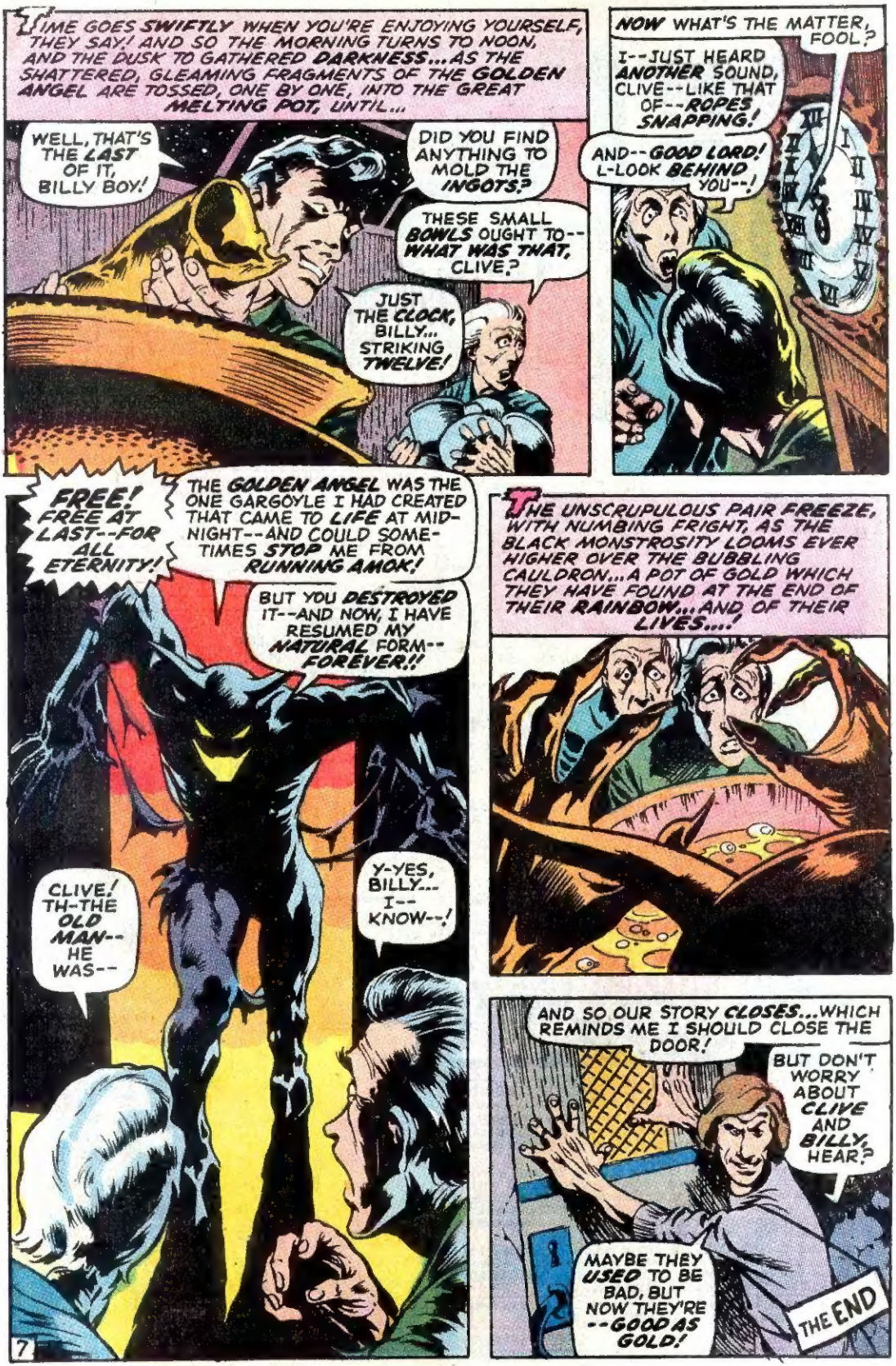
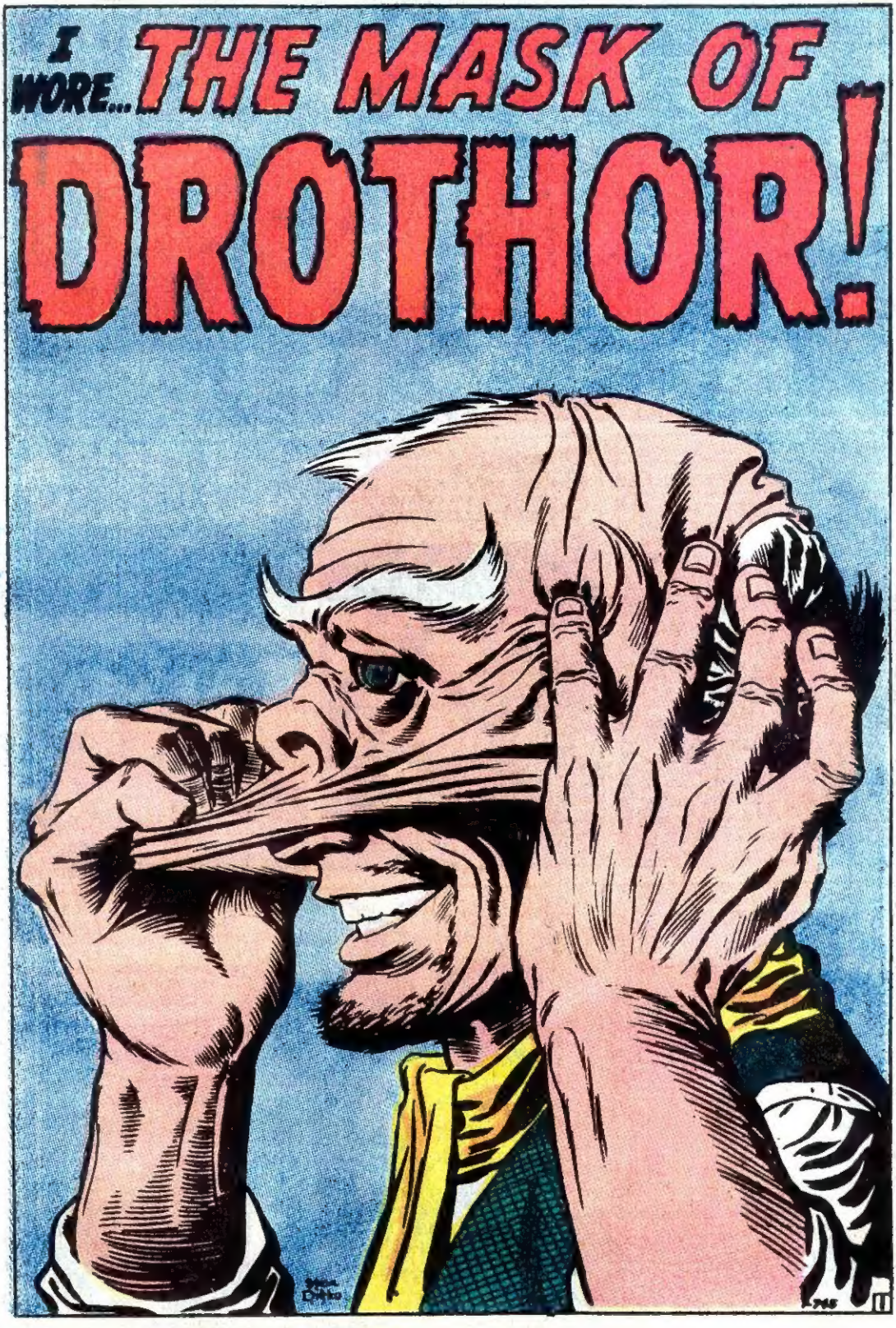
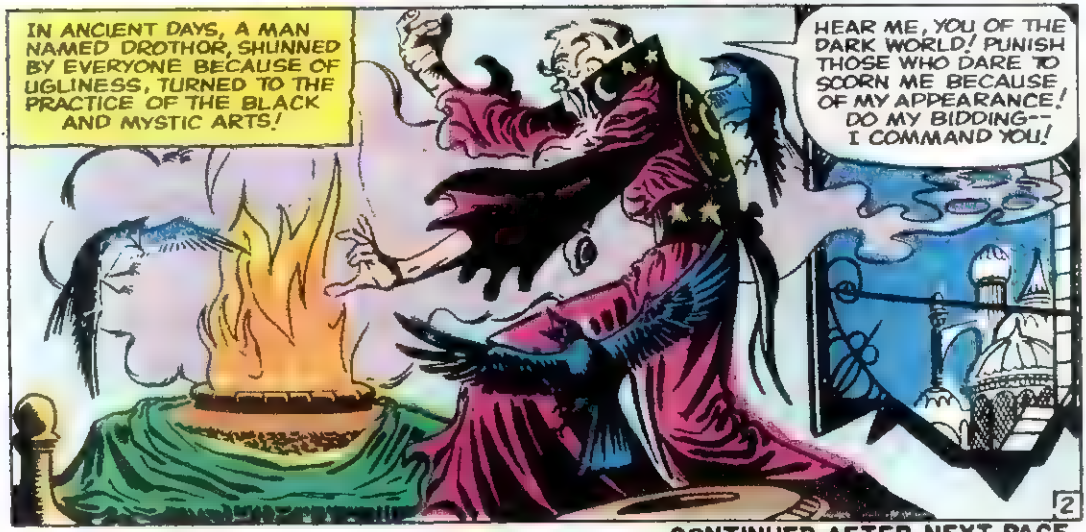

TIME GOES SWIFTLY WHEN YOU'RE ENJOYING YOURSELF, THEY SAY! AND SO THE MORNING TURNS TO NOON, AND THE DUSK TO GATHERED DARKNESS...AS THE SHATTERED, GLEAMING FRAGMENTS OF THE GOLDEN ANGEL ARE TOSSED, ONE BY ONE, INTO THE GREAT MELTING POT, UNTIL...
WELL, THAT'S THE LAST OF IT, BILLY BOY!
DID YOU FIND ANYTHING TO MOLD THE INGOTS?
THESE SMALL BOWLS OUGHT TO--WHAT WAS THAT, CLIVE?
JUST THE CLOCK, BILLY... STRIKING TWELVE!
NOW WHAT'S THE MATTER, FOOL?
I--JUST HEARD ANOTHER SOUND, CLIVE--LIKE THAT OF--ROPES SNAPPING!
AND--GOOD LORD! L-LOOK BEHIND YOU--!
FREE! FREE AT LAST--FOR ALL ETERNITY!
THE GOLDEN ANGEL WAS THE ONE GARGOYLE I HAD CREATED THAT CAME TO LIFE AT MIDNIGHT--AND COULD SOMETIMES STOP ME FROM RUNNING AMOK!
BUT YOU DESTROYED IT--AND NOW, I HAVE RESUMED MY NATURAL FORM--FOREVER!!
CLIVE! TH-THE OLD MAN--HE WAS--
Y-YES, BILLY... I--KNOW--!
THE UNSCRUPULOUS PAIR FREEZE, WITH NUMBING FRIGHT, AS THE BLACK MONSTROSITY LOOMS EVER HIGHER OVER THE BUBBLING CAULDRON...A POT OF GOLD WHICH THEY HAVE FOUND AT THE END OF THEIR RAINBOW...AND OF THEIR LIVES....!
AND SO OUR STORY CLOSES...WHICH REMINDS ME I SHOULD CLOSE THE DOOR!
BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT CLIVE AND BILLY, HEAR?
MAYBE THEY USED TO BE BAD, BUT NOW THEY'RE --GOOD AS GOLD!
THE END


I WORE... THE MASK OF DROTHOR!

POVERTY, MISERY, DESPAIR! THAT IS ALL THAT REMAINS! ONCE THE MASKS OF MARKAS WERE IN DEMAND THE WORLD OVER, BUT NOW I AM REDUCED TO MAKING MY CREATIONS FOR HALLOWEEN AND MASQUERADE PARTIES!
I CANNOT GO ON LIKE THIS! I MUST CREATE A MASK THAT WILL RE-AWAKEN THE PUBLIC! A MASK THAT WILL AGAIN MAKE THE NAME MARKAS RING THRUOUT THE WORLD!

AS BEFORE, I RETURNED TO THE ANCIENT MYTHS AND LEGENDS FOR INSPIRATION...
BAH! I'VE ALREADY USED ALL OF THESE TALES FOR IDEAS! WAIT! HERE'S ONE... ONE THAT NO MASK-MAKER HAS EVER USED BEFORE!


IN ANCIENT DAYS, A MAN NAMED DROTHOR, SHUNNED BY EVERYONE BECAUSE OF UGLINESS, TURNED TO THE PRACTICE OF THE BLACK AND MYSTIC ARTS!
HEAR ME, YOU OF THE DARK WORLD! PUNISH THOSE WHO DARE TO SCORN ME BECAUSE OF MY APPEARANCE! DO MY BIDDING-- I COMMAND YOU!
2

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AN ARTIST, INTRIGUED BY DROTHOR'S FEATURES BEGGED TO PAINT HIS LIKENESS!
YOU WANT TO PAINT ME SO THAT OTHERS MAY LAUGH!! BUT YOU'LL REGRET IT!! THIS I SWEAR!
UPON THE PAINTING'S COMPLETION, DROTHOR INVOKED HIS MYSTIC POWERS...
HEAR ME... DENIZENS OF THE NETHER WORLDS!
AND FROM THAT MOMENT ON, THE HAPLESS PAINTER KNEW LITTLE REST...
GO AWAY! MUST EVEN MY SLEEP BE PLAGUED BY THE SIGHT OF YOU!
...UNTIL THE DAY A FATAL ACCIDENT BEFELL THE ARTIST! A STONE STATUE TOPPLED ON HIM WHILE THE PORTRAIT OF DROTHOR FADED FROM THE CANVAS! WAS IT JUST...COINCIDENCE?
AND THRU THE YEARS, DROTHOR'S CURSE STRUCK ALL WHO MADE REFERENCE TO HIS FACE!
I HAVE FOUND WHAT I SOUGHT! I SHALL DO A MASK OF DROTHOR! I'LL PIECE TOGETHER AN EXACT LIKENESS FROM THE TEXT! AS FOR THE CURSE, IT'S PURE NONSENSE, OF COURSE!
AFTER MAKING THE NECESSARY SKETCHES, I WENT RIGHT TO WORK ON MOLDING THE FORM!
MY HANDS ARE MOVING AS THOUGH THEY KNOW EVERY DETAIL! I CAN FEEL IT-- THE MASK OF DROTHOR WILL BE MY GREATEST CREATION!
3

I DROVE MYSELF NIGHT AND DAY UNTIL THE MASK WAS COMPLETE!
AT LAST! I HAVE CREATED MY MASTERPIECE!
AS WITH ALL NEW MASKS I TRIED ON THE LIKENESS OF DROTHOR, EVERY NERVE A'TINGLE!
A MIRROR!! I MUST SEE MYSELF IN A MIRROR!
FANTASTIC! WHY, IT'S LIKE A REAL FACE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL IT'S JUST A MASK!
AND THEN, THE DISASTROUS IDEA CAME TO ME!
DROTHOR'S MASK WILL MAKE ME RICH! YES, WITH THIS MASK, I KNOW HOW I CAN GET ALL THE MONEY I NEED!
I CAN ROB ANYONE, ANYWHERE! NO ONE WOULD DREAM I AM WEARING A MASK!! NO ONE WOULD EVER BE ABLE TO TELL I AM REALLY MARKAS!
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE! EVEN IF I AM SEEN, I CAN AVOID CAPTURE BY REMOVING DROTHOR'S MASK AND BECOMING MYSELF AGAIN! IT'S PERFECT!
I KNOW THIS MANSION WELL! I HAVE CREATED MANY MASKS FOR ITS OWNER'S COSTUME PARTIES!! BUT NONE AS GREAT AS MY MASK OF DROTHOR!!

THE SAFE WAS RIGHT WHERE I REMEMBERED IT WHEN HE PAID ME, BUT THIS TIME IT IS MY SENSITIVE HAND WHICH OPENS IT! AH! WITH ALL THIS WEALTH, I SHALL BE RICH! BUT THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!
EVEN THOUGH I TRIPPED A BURGLAR ALARM, AND I WAS SEEN LEAVING, I KNEW I WOULD HAVE NO NEED TO WORRY! THE POLICE WOULD LOOK FOR DROTHOR, NOT FOR MARKAS!
YOU!! STOP!
I HAD ONLY TO REACH MY ROOM, REMOVE THE MASK, AND I'D BE SAFE!!
HE WON'T GET AWAY! WITH A FACE LIKE THAT WE'LL FIND HIM ANYWHERE!
MADE IT! NOW THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS HIDE THE MONEY! AND THEN, CONCEAL THE MASK!
HA HA!! THE CURSE OF DROTHOR, INDEED!! HIS CURSE HAS BROUGHT ME A FORTUNE! I AM THANKFUL TO HIM! HA HA!
BUT I HAD LAUGHED TOO SOON! FOR, WHEN I REMOVED THE FATEFUL MASK, I KNEW THAT DROTHOR'S CURSE HAD REACHED OUT, THRU THE CENTURIES, AND STRUCK ME, TOO!
NOW ONCE AGAIN I AM MAR--OH, NO, IT CAN'T BE!! I TOOK OFF THE MASK! BUT--BUT MY FACE!! IT HAS BECOME--THE FACE OF DROTHOR!
HMPH! HE RAN LIKE THE BLAZES TO GET AWAY, AND THEN HE STANDS THERE, INSTEAD OF TRYING TO HIDE! OKAY, FELLA, LET'S GO! WE'VE GOT A NICE CELL WAITING FOR YOU!
THE END
5

"IT WAS ON A DREARY NIGHT IN NOVEMBER THAT I BEHELD THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF MY TOILS, WITH AN ANXIETY THAT ALMOST AMOUNTED TO AGONY I COLLECTED THE INSTRUMENTS OF LIFE AROUND ME, THAT I MIGHT INFUSE A SPARK OF BEING INTO THE LIFELESS THING THAT LAY AT MY FEET. IT WAS ALREADY ONE IN THE MORNING; THE RAIN PATTERED DISMALLY AGAINST THE PANES, AND MY CANDLE WAS NEARLY BURNT OUT, WHEN, BY THE GLIMMER OF THE HALF-EXTINGUISHED LIGHT, I SAW THE DULL YELLOW EYE OF THE CREATURE OPEN; IT BREATHED HARD, AND A CONVULSIVE MOTION AGITATED ITS LIMBS."

--MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY, 1818: **FRANKENSTEIN**, OR THE MODERN PROMETHEUS.

# The MASTERMIND

HEARTBEAT... PULSE... BRAIN COMPLETELY CHARGED...

HEH! NOW THE FINAL SURGE OF LIFE-GIVING POWER...

AND-- MANAAK LIVES!

THEY WILL ALL PAY DEARLY FOR THEIR MOCKERY!

NOW THEY WILL GROVEL AT THE FEET OF MANAAK!

YOU LIVE, MANAAK! NOW SPEAK TO YOUR MASTER!

I LIVE!

MANAAK, THE EMBODIMENT OF A LIFETIME OF STRIVING... EXPERIMENTATION, RESEARCH, AND...

...RIDICULE OF THE STUPID MASSES!

YOU CANNOT IMAGINE THE YEARS OF OBSCURE RESEARCH, THE AGONY OF COUNTLESS FAILURES...
I DRAW UPON THE CUMULATIVE KNOWLEDGE OF ALL THE AGES IN AN INSTANT!
YOUR PAST ATTEMPTS ARE KNOWN TO ME, MASTER!
YOU ARE THE MOST INTELLIGENT CREATURE EVER TO WALK THE EARTH!
I AM! HAVE I NOT ALSO BEEN MADE IMPERVIOUS TO INJURY, TO AGE AND DISEASE, MASTER?
YOU ARE INDESTRUCTIBLE MANAAK! YOU MAY EVEN BE IMMORTAL!
AM I NOT, THEN, SUPERIOR TO ANY MAN?
YOU ARE! AND YOU SHALL HUMBLE THE STUPID MASSES BEFORE ME, MANAAK!
IF I AM TRULY ALL THESE THINGS, THEN LOGIC REQUIRES I ASK YOU ONE SIMPLE QUESTION!
YES, MANAAK?
WHO NEEDS YOU, "MASTER"?
THE END

I FOUND THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN!
EDITOR'S NOTE: FOR CENTURIES, MEN HAVE TRIED TO FIND THE UNKNOWN CREATURE THAT ROAMS THE SNOW-CAPPED HIMALAYAN MOUNTAINS! THIS IS THE STORY OF THE ONE MAN WHO LEARNED THE CREATURE'S SECRET... AND PAID FOR IT THE REST OF HIS LIFE!!!
AT LAST IT CAN BE TOLD!!

IT WAS IN A SMALL DIVE ON THE EDGE OF CALCUTTA THAT IT BEGAN...
I TELL YOU, GENTS, THIS PHOTO WILL EARN ME A TIDY SUM ONCE I GET BACK TO THE STATES! ANY AMERICAN MAGAZINE WOULD GLADLY PAY A SMALL FORTUNE FOR THE FIRST AND ONLY PICTURE...
...OF THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN!
IT'S INCREDIBLE! ACTUAL PROOF THAT THE SNOWMAN REALLY EXISTS--THAT HE'S NOT JUST A LEGEND!
WHERE DID YOU GET THIS PHOTO?
I GOT THIS PICTURE FROM A GENT THAT WAS GLAD TO PART WITH IT! SAID IT WAS ACCURSED! SUPERSTITIOUS FOOL! HE COULD'VE SOLD THIS PHOTO HIMSELF ...BUT HE WAS AFRAID TO HANG ON TO IT ANY LONGER!
ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN, EH? THIS MIGHT BE A CHANCE FOR ME TO MAKE SOME EASY DOUGH!
ME, I'M CARL HANSON... BUT FROM BANGKOK TO BOMBAY I'M KNOWN AS "BIG CARL," A GUY WHO'LL DO ANYTHING FOR A BUCK!
I'LL JUST WAIT OUTSIDE! THEN, WHEN THAT LOUD-MOUTH LEAVES THE CAFE, I'LL MAKE MY PLAY...!
HERE HE COMES NOW ...AND HE'S ALONE! THIS'LL BE A CINCH!
I WAITED UNTIL THE LITTLE GUY REACHED THE ALLEY! THEN, AS HE PASSED BY...
2

ALRIGHT, MAC, LET'S HAVE THAT PICTURE! HAND IT OVER--OR WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO REARRANGE YOUR FACE?!
NO--NO! TAKE IT! TAKE IT!
D-DON'T HIT ME! HERE'S THE PHOTO...BUT THERE'S A CURSE ON IT! YOU'D BETTER THINK TWICE ABOUT TAKING IT!
YEAH, SURE ...I'LL THINK TWICE ABOUT IT!
I SHOVED THE GUY ASIDE, THEN I STUCK THE PHOTO IN MY POCKET AND LAMMED OUT OF THERE...
NOW TO HEAD FOR THE HIMALAYAS!
BY THE NEXT EVENING, I WAS IN HILL COUNTRY, BOUND FOR THE GREATEST MOUNTAIN RANGE IN THE WORLD...
I COULD MAKE SOME DOUGH BY SELLING THIS PHOTO, LIKE THAT GUY WAS GOING TO DO--BUT I'VE A BETTER IDEA! NOW THAT I'VE PROOF THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN REALLY EXISTS, I'LL JUST CAPTURE HIM AND BRING HIM BACK TO CIVILIZATION! I'LL GET MORE DOUGH FOR THE SNOWMAN HIMSELF, THAN I WOULD FOR THIS PUNK PICTURE!
TWO DAYS LATER I WAS AT THE BASE OF THE HIMALAYAS...
I DON'T KNOW MUCH "HINDI," BUT I KNOW ENOUGH TO ASK FOR WHAT I WANT!
I STOPPED ONE NATIVE AND SHOWED HIM THE PHOTO...
THIS IS THE CHARACTER WHO ROAMS THE MOUNTAINS! WESTERN MEN CALL HIM ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN! TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND HIM!
NO--NO! THROW AWAY PICTURE... BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!
THROW AWAY THE PICTURE?!! WHY??! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT??!
PICTURE IS CURSED!! IT WILL DESTROY THE ONE WHO OWNS IT!!
3

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

DESTROY THE MAN WHO OWNS IT?! YOU BATTY OR SOMETHIN'? HOW CAN A PICTURE HURT ME?
I DO NOT KNOW! NO MAN KNOWS THE SECRET OF THE PICTURE... BUT ALL KNOW IT IS EVIL! IT WILL BRING RUIN TO YOU!
IN THAT WHOLE BLAMED VILLAGE NO ONE WOULD TELL ME WHERE I COULD FIND THAT SNOWMAN OF THEIRS!
BAH! SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE! I'LL FIND OUT WHAT I WANT TO KNOW FROM SOMEONE ELSE!
THE INFIDEL IS AN EVIL MAN!
HE WILL PAY FOR HIS CRUELTY!
ALL THESE FOOLS KEEP SAYING IS THAT THE PICTURE IS CURSED! WELL, IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A CURSE TO STOP "BIG CARL" FROM CAPTURING THE ABOMINABLE SNOW-MAN!
I WENT ON TO SOME OTHER VILLAGES, BUT IT WAS THE SAME STORY...
I TELL YOU I'M NOT INTERESTED IN THE PICTURE... I WANT THE JOKER THAT IT'S A PICTURE OF! THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN!! WHERE CAN I FIND HIM?
I DO NOT KNOW!! LET ME GO-- PLEASE!!
BLASTED NATIVES! I CAN'T GET A THING OUT OF THEM! WELL, IT DOESN'T MATTER ...I'LL SEARCH THE MOUNTAINS MYSELF! I'LL FIND THAT BEARDED CREEP, OR MY NAME'S NOT CARL HANSON!
A LITTLE LATER, I BEGAN THE LONG CLIMB...
I'VE GOT ENOUGH PROVISIONS TO LAST FOR WEEKS... IT SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO NAB THAT SNOWMAN!
4

I TRAVELED BY DAY AND SLEPT BY NIGHT... IT WAS A LONG, HARD TREK AND THE HIGHER I CLIMBED THE COLDER IT GOT...

IT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!** IF HE EXISTS, HE'S GOTTA LEAVE A **TRAIL,** SOMEWHERE!

BUT AFTER SEVERAL DAYS OF SEARCHING...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! I HAVEN'T FOUND A TRACE OF THE SNOWMAN! **WAIT!** WHAT'S THAT UP AHEAD??! IT LOOKS LIKE A **CAMP!**

THEY WERE LAMAS... AND THE MOUNTAINS WERE THEIR HOME! SURELY, **THEY'D** KNOW ABOUT THE CREATURE OF THE HIMALAYAS... **THEY'D** KNOW WHERE I COULD FIND HIM! BUT WHEN I SHOWED HIM THE PICTURE...

**GO!** DEPART FROM HERE! LEAVE THE MOUNTAINS--BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE! HE WHO CARRIES THE ACCURSED PICTURE IS **DOOMED!**

I WANT AN **ANSWER** TO MY QUESTION! DO YOU HEAR ME?!! I WANT TO KNOW **WHERE** I CAN FIND THE SNOWMAN--**TELL** ME--OR I'LL **PULVERIZE** YOU!

NO--LET ME **GO!** STOP **UNHAND ME!**

I HARDLY KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING! THEY CAME AT ME AND I SHOVED, PUSHED AND FLUNG THEM ASIDE! I WAS ANGRY--MADDER THAN I HAD EVER BEEN BEFORE...

I WANT TO KNOW WHERE THE SNOWMAN IS! **TELL** ME WHERE HE IS--OR I'LL KILL YOU ALL!

HE IS **MAD!**

WE MUST **FLEE--**

THEN THEY TURNED AND BEGAN RUNNING! ALL OF THEM--RUNNING AS FAST AS THEY COULD...

COWARDS!! COME BACK AND FIGHT!! I'M NOT FINISHED WITH YOU!!

I'LL FIND HIM YET! **WITHOUT** YOUR HELP! YOU'LL SE... YOU'LL SE...!!



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

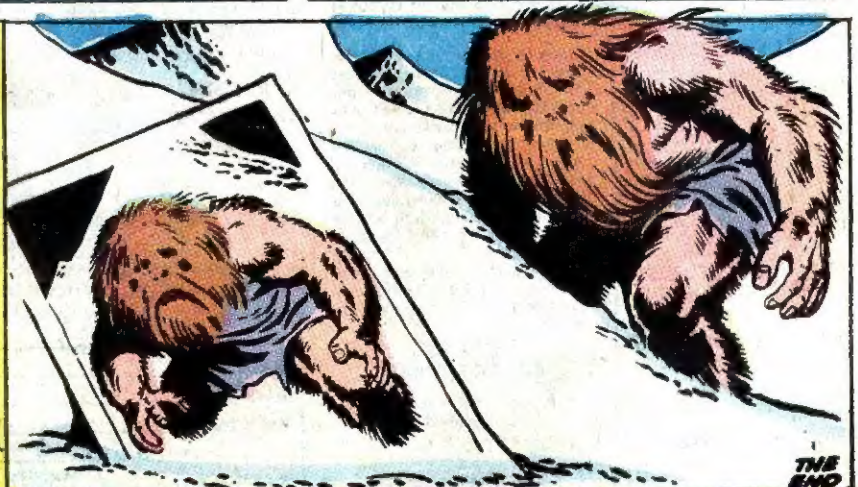
THE LAMAS WERE GONE AND I WAS ALONE! ONCE AGAIN I STARTED CLIMBING... SEARCHING... LOOKING FOR SOME SIGN OF THE MYSTERIOUS CREATURE THAT DWELLED IN THE LONELY MOUNTAINS...

MORE DAYS PASSED... MY PROVISIONS WERE USED UP... BUT STILL I WENT ON... I COULD NEVER TURN BACK! I WAS NOW OBSESSED WITH FINDING THE SNOWMAN! NOTHING WOULD STOP ME! NOTHING!

THEN IT BEGAN TO SNOW... A HEAVY, WIND-SWEPT SNOW CHILLING MY FLESH AND BONES! AND NOW IT IS THE THIRD DAY OF THE SNOW... I HAVE FELT WEARY SINCE THIS MORNING... BUT STILL I GO ON... I MUST GO ON... I MUST FIND THE STRANGE CREATURE OF THE HIMALAYAS...

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** AND SO, WITH A BLIND, UNREASONING COMPULSION, CARL HANSON CONTINUES HIS FRUITLESS SEARCH! MONTHS PASS... THE SNOW STOPS FALLING, BUT NOT BEFORE IT HAS TAKEN ITS TOLL--NOT BEFORE IT HAS REDUCED "BIG CARL" TO A **SIMPLE MUTTERING BRUTE...**

AND THEN, WHEN THE NUMB FINGERS OF THE BEARDED SEARCHER ACCIDENTALLY DROP HIS PRECIOUS PHOTOGRAPH, WE LEARN SOMETHING THAT HE WILL NEVER REALIZE! WE LEARN THAT "BIG CARL" HAS DONE **EVEN MORE** THAN CATCH THE CREATURE HE SEEKS... HE HAS FULFILLED THE CURSE OF THE PICTURE! **HE HIMSELF** HAS BECOME THE **ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN!**



THE END

FOR THIS IS THE SECRET OF THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN! THUS HAS IT EVER BEEN! THUS WILL IT EVER BE!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

# CHAFF FROM THE CHAMBER!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO: THE MARVEL COMICS GROUP 625 MADISON AV. NEW YORK N. Y. 10022

Dear Stan,

I've just finished reading the latest CHAMBER OF DARKNESS and I must admit that it was pretty good. But this letter is being written to make a few suggestions for the enhancement of your two magazines, not to criticize them. Getting rid of those two Uncle Weirdie types was the best thing you could do.

In your last issue you had a charming character who answered to the name of Starr the Slayer. This fellow has definite possibilities in my mind as a person to be used again in some more plots in both CHAMBER and TOWER. While you're at it, you could use the Black Knight in a few stories, or better yet you could use some of the characters frequently seen in our favorite Magical Medical Man's comics before he went out of circulation.

I think you can do it because with your talents, mystery and fantasy run hand in hand.

Toss my suggestion up to the readers and take a vote.

Yours 'til Millie the Model becomes an Avenger,

Mike Menard, 96 Yale Drive
Coventry, Rhode Island 02816

**We can never tell just WHAT Roy Thomas is likely to do next with the awesome Avengers, Mike, but that isn't very likely. Meantime, if you like the idea of Starr the Slayer, you should be wild about CONAN THE BARBARIAN!**

Dear Stan,

This letter isn't about any particular artist or writer. But I felt like rapping with someone about the comic I've just read (TOS #5).

I buy a goodly number of comics each month, mostly superhero, and it is a rare occasion when any single issue stirs me into writing. You could say I have become jaded in my tastes, even prejudiced to a certain extent. After the first issue of your two "horror" mags I thought, "Oh no, here we go again!" I am (or was) psyched-out on the EC Legend, which is a nebulous belief in comic fandom saying that under the Comics Code there can be no effective horror mags. I had fallen onto the bandwagon and believed this was so. Until the April CHAMBER OF DARKNESS and May TOWER OF SHADOWS.

I had mistaken freedom from censorship for quality . . . which is tantamount to burning someone at the stake as a witch. COD #4 was darn good. And TOS #5 was great! The Wood story in the latter was better than anything he had perpetrated in WITZEND, and it was clean! It passed the Comics Code and was still effective sword and sorcery! A miracle, to be sure.

When I read a newsletter that said Conan was going to become a Marvel book, I was dubious. But after the Thomas/Smith S&S tale in CHAMBER #4 I am beginning to become hopeful.

And stories like Kirby's "The Monster" and Conway/Shores' "Time Out" are so good I don't even have to rave about them.

Onward and upward? You better believe it! Thank you for shaking my smug little world. If someone had to do it, I'm glad it was Marvel.

Ed Newson, 4652 Byron Ave.
Baton Rouge, La. 70805

**Not half as glad as we are, Ed. If Marvel can shake a world with tasteful quality . . . well, who know what we might do next?**

Dear Stan, Roy, and Johnny;

In TOWER OF SHADOWS #3, you did a wonderful job of illustrating H.P. Lovecraft's "The Terrible Old Man". I did not think that any of HPL's stories could be more skillfully presented in a comic magazine. I was proven wrong with "The Music From Beyond" ("The Music of Erich Zann") in CHAMBER OF DARKNESS #5. This is an intricate and gripping story, needing an adapter and an illustrator who really know their business, as the Men Of Marvel obviously do.

With the presentation of a skilled piece of writing in a comic, much of the essential mood of the story is often lost. Not so with "Music". Craig's illustrations of Paris in the night are even better than most I've seen from the old EC mags, and to be better than EC is being darn good! Thomas' script for the story follows Lovecraft's almost precisely, bespeaking his high adaptive standards.

What more can I say, except more Lovecraft, please! And keep up the truly great work!

Henry Vester III, 4292 Royce Street
Riverside, Calif. 92503

**You have our grateful thanks, Henry, and our promise to try. Other of Lovecraft's masterpieces are in the works, and we'll try to let our readers know when they will appear.**